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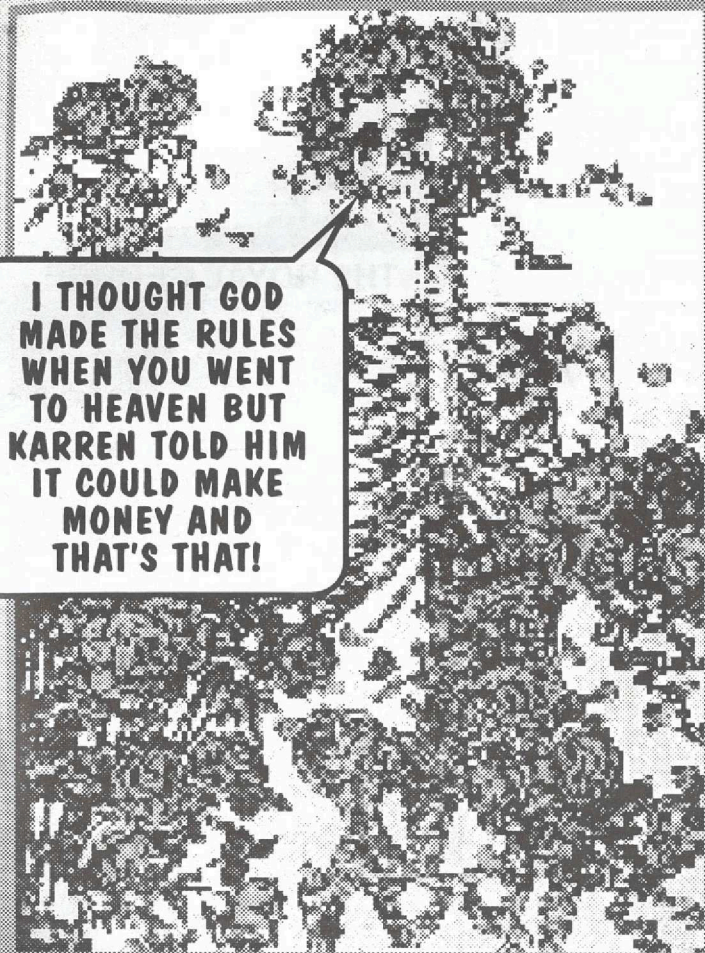
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**NO MATTER WHERE YOU ARE
KARRENS OUT TO GET YOU**



**I THOUGHT GOD
MADE THE RULES
WHEN YOU WENT
TO HEAVEN BUT
KARREN TOLD HIM
IT COULD MAKE
MONEY AND
THAT'S THAT!**

**JUST WHEN YOU THOUGHT IT WAS SAFE TO POP
OFF TO HEAVEN SHE TRY'S TO SELL YOU
SOMETHING ELSE**

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ISSUE

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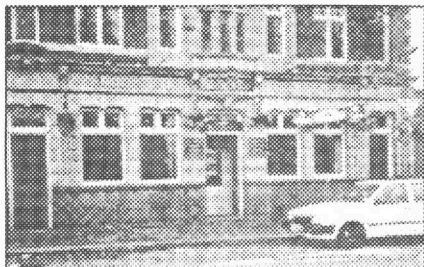
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GUNMAKERS ARMS

Green Lane

EDITORIAL

Being a Bluenose means making many sacrifices, I don't have to tell any of you just how much it costs to follow the Blues, for many it takes by far the largest part of their income. So when the big day comes along, then it is a just reward for all those journeys you've made to some piss corner of a ground in some distant sheep shagging, or in the case of Yorkshire, pig shagging place, pissing down with rain, stewards who couldn't trace their ancestry back even to their father, and police who wouldn't pass the entrance exam for the Keystone Kops. If you've travelled up north, then you can sample the delights of a meat and potato pie, minus meat, and a cup of tea that tastes like barmaids piss in a paper cup, at a price you could get a decent McDonalds for in Brum. And don't forget, Super Bitch wants her quid. So the big day arrives, Cardiff, capital of the land of animal abusers, we're made about as welcome as a fart in a space suit. I've now come to the conclusion that, maybe, just maybe, the Welsh were not being inhospitable, but that they are too fucking ignorant to know any better.

So, fuck the play offs, another day in Cardiff we can all do without. An automatic promotion place is there for the taking. Win our games in hand, beat the pigs trotter eaters on the cobbled streets of Bolton and there you go.

At the start of this season Sullivan made it perfectly clear, a play off place at least or Trevor's history, well Trevor's done the business, and for good measure took us to the final of a major competition, and I'm pretty certain he'll get us up this season. And one more thing, thank you Trevor for knocking those silly excuses on the head, you've proved you don't need them.

Francis has now got a squad of decent players around him, many are only youngsters, I can see Hughes coming into his own in the Premiership for the very reason, that unlike the Nationwide your given more time on the ball, Purse after a very nervous first season has come on leaps and bounds, he's another who will shine in the Premier, who knows? Maybe even an England call up. AJ with his pace will scare some defences shitless, and Feed the Horse will no doubt knock the shit out of them. Go for it lads, fuck the play off's. We're better than that.

A trip to Crystal Palace where the Blues ground out a result, it wasn't pretty, but who gives a shit, three points in the bag. Steve Brunnock is working down in Landan, so a cross City journey wasn't to bad, he turned up with his brother Chris, and, wait for it, a fucking Jap, evidently he's on a holiday over here, Steve met him on the train, the Nip asked for directions to the Palace, well obviously Steve thought he meant Crystal Palace, suffice to say we now have a Jap Bluenose, so fuck Buckingham Palace, and fuck Crystal Palace, £2.50 for a fucking burger, a quid for a Bovril, I only hope Brady didn't clock the prices.

Another three points for the Blues after beating Crewe, AJ is becoming one hell of a player, but Darren Purse has settled down to be a giant at the heart of the defence

At times, Super Bitch does get things right, such as the cheap prices for a game against shite, i.e., Albion, Wolves, Crewe we end up getting a much needed full house.

Now would you believe it, I've just done all of that said all those nice things about the team and watched the game against

Blackburn. Where's the bloody drawing board!

Before the match TF was saying that whatever the result Blackburn will know that they've been in a battle, well by the end of the game we had even lost the war of words. The crowd did their part but the players didn't perform. Okay we had players missing through injury but we're supposed to have a squad to cover them but that didn't look the case against Blackburn. Then again as soon as I saw that the referee was to be Uriah 'Useless' Rennie I feared the worst and of course he was his usual anti-blues self. That said we were out-played at the end of the day by a better side so sadly now it looks as if it won't be anything better than the play-off's. I think I'll leave my thoughts on Stockport until I'm feeling in a better mood.

This division is not a good one and although things like the Play-off's are a bit of a lottery I'm certain that we are a better side than the likes of Bolton who should be the other of the favourites should we be forced to take that route. Blackburn are a bit like Fulham in some ways, they've got a massive squad and loads of money. They should be up there fighting it out with Fulham for the title not scrambling around for the second spot. Bolton are nothing special and that leaves two others to finish in the top six. Forest should have done it but keep getting close and then falling away - losing at Crewe for example and then at home to Bolton. West Brom got stuffed by Wolves and Megson went mental at their performance and Watford have shown relegation form since Christmas not promotion or even play off form, yet they're still hanging around. Sheffield United are nothing but very ordinary and I know they beat us whilst Preston have done superb just to stay in the race. But you get the impression that

the likes of Forest, West Brom and Watford are doing their level best to miss out whilst the likes of Sheffield United and Preston would consider it a massive achievement if they just reached the play-off's and nothing else.

What we can't afford to do though is assume that if we do have to go to Cardiff that it will be a forgone conclusion that we'll make it this time. It then becomes a case of what happens on the day and as we found out in previous seasons even reaching the final of the play-off's can be difficult.

That leads us to make an apology, no, not to Super Bitch, but to our many regular readers, who couldn't get their favourite read for that game. All our sellers, at points all round the ground had completely sold out well before the kick off. For today's game we have increased the number printed.

Right, don't let us be downhearted and let's hope for another three points today, so, "Sing Your Hearts Out For The Lads" even if the end of the road will once more be the Millennium Stadium. Life is a bitch!

Dave Small

MINISTRY OF AGRICULTURE NOTICE

**DUE TO THE
CONTINUED OUTBREAK
OF FOOT AND MOUTH
VILLA PARK WILL BE
CLOSED**

FOLLOWING THE BOYS IN ROYAL BLUE TO THE END OF THE ROAD

Blues 2 Watford 0

On a bitterly cold night, Blues showed that the heartbreak from Sunday, is now just a memory, as the real accolade of promotion is sought, and they came out convincing winners.

A Palmer throw in, was initially headed clear, but it's return bought a miss - kick from Atherton, and Smith quickly picked up on the mistake, and passed to Vernazza, who's shot took a deflection out for a corner.

After Johnson (A) was bought down by Hyde, about 8 yards out side the area, Eaden stepped up to take the resulting free kick, his lofted attempt was sent out by Mooney.

Purse was obviously missing his strikers roll from last season ,when he set off on a run from the half way line, but his attempt went through Wards legs, and he was just quicker than AJ to avert the follow up shot.

Vernazza set off on a quick break, from his own area, he played down to Mooney by the corner flag, but a timely Purse intervention averted the danger, as he sent the ball out for a corner. The ball was cleared out by Eaden, but as AJ was about to set off on a run, the referee decided that he fouled the incoming Watford player, who appeared to slip on the frozen surface, it could have been a costly mistake by the ref., as Cox forced Bennett to get down low, to save at the post, from his free kick.

As half time approached, Blues had their best chance of the half, when a well timed long ball from Purse, caused Ward to foul Horsfield, about 10 yards outside the area, Grainger's free kick, just seemed to curl the wrong side of the post. As the seconds licked down, it looked as though they'd go in all square, but Blues had other ideas, a long Atherton throw in, was headed down, Hughes and AJ struggled to get it down, then Eaden's low shot, went into the far corner of the net.

Blues began the second half as they had ended the first, and always looked the more likely to score, and it was a terrific effort by Hughes, that eventually guaranteed Blues would come away with all three points. A perfectly placed Eaden cross, was flicked on as he turned, by Hughes, and he side footed it past the advancing keeper.

KRO

Karen

**TAKEN FROM THE SUPERB BIRMINGHAM CITY WEBSITE
PLANET BLUES**

Crystal Palace 1 Blues 2

Trevor Francis remarked after this game that this was the best three points gained by Blues this season. I think what he tried to say that Blues were fortunate to get all the points after being second best for long periods of the game to a spirited Palace side. The conditions didn't help, rain, wind and a pitch that soon cut up badly, but frankly Blues were playing well under their best. Blues had few chances in the game, but they took the lead in the second half through an Upson own goal and an Adebola strike. Palace got one back through Austin and only some heroic defending and some great Bennett saves kept Palace at bay.

Blues were without Martin O'Connor through suspension and Danny Sonner & Stan Lazaridis through injury. In came Jon McCarthy to make a start on the left of midfield, which is not his best position as he is right footed. Palace who had reportedly been given a rollicking by the Palace manager over the weekend, went into a team huddle just before kick off. Palace immediately looked the livelier side with Bennett having to make a finger tip save in the opening minutes of the game. Blues did manage to get the ball in the Palace net after Kolinko in the Palace goal couldn't hold onto a Bryan Hughes shot. However Jon McCarthy was ruled to be offside. On 15 minutes Blues lost Martin Grainger to injury after a nasty clash of heads and had to be replaced by Jerry Gill, who went to play in an unfamiliar role as a left back. On 20 minutes Finnish striker Forssell let loose a great shot which was met by a brilliant save by Bennett. The resulting corner saw Friedman shoot the ball over the Blues line but the effort was disallowed for a handball by the ex-Wolves striker. Geoff Horsefield and Chinese international Zhiyi were having a battle royal and this spilled over on the half hour mark with both players squaring up to one another. This resulted in a yellow card for each of them. Blues had another uncomfortable moment when a Bennett clearance hit the back of Darren Purse and fell directly into the path of Friedman. However Bennett was to make amends with another brilliant save to deny Friedman.

Blues replaced Geoff Horsefield with Dele Adebola at half time, perhaps as a precautionary measure after the striker received a yellow card in the first half. Blues also changed over McCarthy & Eaden, with Eaden now playing on the left and McCarthy on the right. Blues now looked a better prospect and took the lead on 47 minutes. An Eaden cross was deflected into his own net by Upson, it was just the break that Blues needed. A few minutes later Eaden placed a superb pass to put away Adebola. Adebola had only Kolinko to beat, but frustratingly hit his shot straight at the keeper. On the hour mark it was 2-0. Adebola was again put away but he somehow collided with Andrew Johnson in the penalty area, fell over, but then managed to get up just enough to scoop the ball into the net. It was a bizarre goal, but it was gratefully received by the Blues travelling fans. Austin quickly got one back for Palace, even a Woodhouse handball on the line could not prevent the ball going in. Palace then had a good shout for a penalty turned down, when Purse strongly challenged Friedman, but the Blues were relieved when the referee waved the claim away.

**TAKEN FROM THE SUPERB BIRMINGHAM CITY WEBSITE
A VIEW FROM THE TILTON**

Blues 2 Crewe Alexander 0

Another vital three points, in Blues quest for Premiership football. With a growing list of injury worries, TF was forced to bring in Furlong from a reserve training session, which met with a mixed reaction from the 28,042 St. Andrews crowd.

For most of the first half, Blues looked in control with really troubling the keeper Bankole, but once we scored, there was only ever going to be one winner.

After Grainger played a long ball upfield, AJ chased it down, with the Crewe defence having let it go, the keeper was forced to come out to clear, to prevent the lively AJ from opening the scoring. The resulting throw in, was taken by Grainger, flicked on by Marcelo, then seemed to hang in the air, whilst Eaden waited to make a connection, but when he did his attempt went well over.

Grainger played a good ball to Hughes, he then threaded a perfect ball through to AJ, but his cracking shot took a deflection, and was punched away by the advancing keeper, from the resulting corner Jonno's downward header hit the side netting.

McCarthy replaced an injured O'Connor as the second half began. Hughes threaded through to AJ, he came forward to the by line, but his pass across the face of the goal, was just too quick for Marcelo to connect onto.

The goal finally came with excellent work by Purse, he came from well in the Blues half, bursting through into the Crewe penalty area, after a clever one two with Marcelo, he was bought down by Foster, he then stepped up to coolly slot home the resulting penalty.

Eaden was replaced, by Gill, after picking up an earlier injury. McCarthy almost added to the tally minutes later, after a great run down the centre of the pitch, but a timely intervention by the keeper, kept him at bay, from the clearance Crewe had a chance to draw level, but as Hulse tried to control his shot, it bobbled along the uneven surface, and was confidently gathered up by Bennett.

Hughes disposed Hulse, he passed to McCarthy, he made a great run to the edge of the area, played across to Marcelo, who's volley forced a brilliant save from Bankole.

Purse made another great run up the centre of the field, this time he set up AJ, but his shot went just over the bar. It wasn't long though before AJ was finally rewarded for his hard work, the move began with Gill, playing forward to Grainger, who fed it through to AJ, he looked as though he would combine with Marcelo, but instead he decided to go it alone, getting past Walton and Macauley, before his low shot went into the far corner of the net.

KRO
Karen

**TAKEN FROM THE SUPERB BIRMINGHAM CITY WEBSITE
PLANET BLUES**

Blues 0 Blackburn Rovers 2

A crowd of 29,150, failed to create any atmosphere to lift a lack lustre Blues side tonight. Goals either side of the half time gave victory to Blackburn.

Birmingham started brightly enough, a forward ball by Atherton, which looked to be running out, was chased down by Johnson (A), good work and a great cross, was met by Horsfield as he rose to head the cross, but Friedel, plucked the ball out of the air. Minutes later more good approach play by AJ, lead to a free kick, when his pass in, caused Short to foul Horsfield, on the edge of the area. Eaden's curling free kick was just touched over the bar by the keeper.

Bent played a diagonal ball, to pick out Gillespie, he took the ball forward but his shot was poor, as he lofted into the air, with just Bennett to beat.

The first blow of the night involved Johnson (M) having to go off, with a suspected recurrence of his back injury; Holdsworth replaced him.

Shortly before half time, Blackburn took the lead, a Berg free kick was headed on towards Gillespie on the wing, he crossed into the box, and Purse's slight touch wasn't enough to prevent Bent from connecting with his shot, which took a deflection off Atherton, to beat Bennett.

The second goal came just on 52 minutes, from just inside the Blues half, Duff went on a fantastic run, cutting through Purse and Atherton, then coolly sliding his shot under an advancing Bennett.

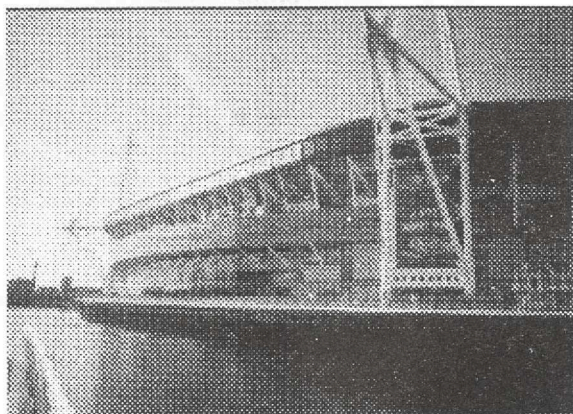
Despite being 2 goals down, Blues refused to give up, and they came close to grabbing a life line, a good cross by Grainger, was bought under control by AJ, he managed to slot it through to Woodhouse, but Friedel produced an excellent save to deny him.

As the dying seconds of injury time ticked by, the biggest blow to the remainder of Blues' season happened, Purse's apparent elbow on Jansen, gave referee Renee, after consulting his assistant, the perfect opportunity the produce the red card, that he is so fond of brandishing.

KRO

Karen

OH, OH, NOT GOING BACK ARE WE?



WHO THE FUCKING HELL ARE YOU A TRAINSPOTTERS VIEW OF THE OPPOSITION

Today we welcome those sad northern bastards from Sheffield, where if you know your geography is in the county of pig shagging Yorkshire. This once proud football club has really come down with a bang, and it will be no surprise if these animal abusers go into the 2nd division. Oh well, shame really. Oh no it ain't. Fuck Em.

Sheffield Wednesday have done what many thought was virtually impossible over the past couple of seasons and that is to become a 'smaller' club than Sheffield United! Well they have in terms of league positions anyway. In fact, if you look at their league placing they are now considered small fry by not only the oft-blunted blades but also by the might of Barnsley and dear old desperate Bradford! Still, looking on the bright side they are on more or less an equal footing to the magnificent Huddersfield, although that might not be long.

Over the past few seasons Wednesday have seen the need to change their manager about once a fortnight, well maybe that is some sort of exaggeration but you know what I mean. Over the past five seasons Wednesday have had more new managers than Villa have had world famous strikers that are seen by the Vile faithful as saviours! David Pleat had a spell with them, big Ron Atkinson went back for a second dosage, and Danny Wilson was going to be the greatest thing since sliced bread and whatever was the greatest thing before sliced bread. Then they realised that Danny Boys main achievement was probably in taking Barnsley back down so they went for someone with a far better track record and grabbed hold of Paul Jewell on the strength of him keeping Bradford up [just] last season. Juan Pablo Angel had more chance of scoring on his debut than Jewell had of saving Wednesday and when they rang the changes behind the scenes the new chairman gave Mr Jewell a call and told him to try his luck elsewhere and he can now be seen doing TV work alongside other notable failures such as Steve Coppell and Steve Bruce.

So Wednesday turned to Peter Shreeves, the man they turned to last season when they saw that Danny Wilson wasn't quite what the brochure said he was. Pete failed then but he looks as if he might keep them up for a while this season. He also wears very nice and expensive looking shirts!

Wednesdays ground is the hell hole that is Hillsborough, the place where 96 football fans died because of the inability of the South Yorkshire Police to control a crowd at a football match. But it should also be noted that it was Sheffield Wednesday's ground and they should have been taken to task for failing in their duty. But like the South Yorkshire Police, Wednesday got off Scott free.

Football wise Wednesday should be better than they are and they still have enough decent players to make life difficult. They are also famous for their band, the most tuneless set of musicians to get together since the break up of 'Take That.' They also have their own version of Tango Man who could also be described as a fat bastard. The Blues own Tiny looks almost anorexic by comparison!

Division 1 - Season 2001/2002

The New Recruits

A guide to those sides that will be getting down to business in Div1 next year. Mind you don't know why you're all interested really because we won't be there! !!!

BUT - just in case.....

COME ON DOWN ! ! ! !

Bradford City - let's face it they were lucky bastards last year to stay up - and this season looks like being a bridge too far.... the Premiership fairy tale looks all but over. Manchester City - coming down purely for their arrogance in believing that they have a God-given right to be in the Premiership - I'm sorry, but you don't.....get back to Div1 where you belong....face facts you were lucky to get out of Div2 against Gillingham, and there were better teams than you last year in Div1. WELCOME BACK ! ! !

Coventry City - about time to ! ! ! I hear you all cry - the perennial escapees - but this year? ? ? ? The purchase of John Hartson smacks somewhat of desperation. Get ready for a season full of derbies.....and take a look at Sheff Wed - getting up isn't that easy

GOING DOWN ! ! ! !

Sheff Wed - a warning to the big boys - would have put themselves up there with the Top 6 a few years ago, and now staring Div2 in the face, there's a few other Premiership sides that I wish it would happen to as well

QPR - another 'once they were big' team, but again things go round.....so see ya!

Grimsby - now I've got nothing against Grimsby, but the further they are from the Blues the better in my eyes. It's a nightmare to travel to, it's a dog hole when you get there (no offence), its always cold and raining, it more often than not gets postponed and the fans fancy themselves as a bit tasty. But the fish & chips are bloody lovely

ON THE UP ! ! ! !

Millwall - a fun day out for all the family ! ! ! ! and it will give the Sunday Mercury something to froth at the mouth about for a couple of weeks.'Football Thugs plan Child Sacrifice' you know the sort of thing. Plus it's a chance to lock horns with everybody's old favourite - Mark McGee - can't wait

Wigan - a nice new stadium to visit, nice Northern pies and a chance to wonder around calling everyone Northern Monkeys, like a Brummie Lock Stock character. Then a choice of nights out in Manchester or Liverpool. Plus should be an easy 6 points.... famous last words. Walsall - seeing as every other team in the West Midlands will be in Div1 (Blues excepted) why not get Walsall up there too - problem is they only ever win the derby games ! ! !

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SMALL TALK SMALL TALK SMALL TALK SMALL TALK SMALL TALK SMALL TALK

SUPER BITCH Is fuck all sacred? Not content with shafting Birmingham City supporters from the day she walked into St. Andrews, with all sorts of CROOKED (and I've chosen my words very carefully) schemes, the Bitch has really excelled herself this time. Not content with shafting the living, the cow now intends shafting the dead.

Super Bitch Karren Brady told the News of the World: We offer three different types of funeral here at St. Andrews, the gold, the silver, and the bronze. The coffins decorated in Birmingham City colours and the service is conducted in one of the hospitality suites. Obviously we don't provide a burial service here (but I bet the Bitch is working on it) but fans can have their ashes scattered at the ground. Threw up yet? Not quite! Then read on.

The St. Andrews bronze package costs £100 and offers a coffin decorated with the City's club crest, a memorial brick at the stadium and an acknowledgement on the Blues internet site.

For £175, the silver package also has the coffin lined in club colours and adds a blue and white wreath.

And for an extra £24 the gold package offers the additional benefits of a four-line entry in a book of remembrance at the stadium, plus the scattering of ashes.

All prices are charged in addition to undertaker's normal funeral costs.

What was it the greatest football manager ever said? Some people say football is a matter of life or death - but it's more important than that.

Now thanks to Super Bitch, death is certainly just as important as life for shafting a life long fan.

Super Bitch Karren Brady should hang her head in shame.

What next at St. Andrews? Live sex shows! It's about time Sullivan told her to fuck off.

REMEMBER THE 96. If you'll excuse the pun, the South Yorkshire Police certainly had their snouts in the trough.

After that apology for a copper Inspector Duckenfield took early retirement to escape justice, we now have a police sergeant who, nine years after the Hillsborough tragedy has received the sum of three hundred grand in compensation for being pissed off, that brings the total of money handed out to South Yorkshire pigs to one and a half million pounds. The survivors of those who lost their lives received just a few quid.

The South Yorkshire Police have now set a precedent, you can get big rewards for negligence.

Justice is only for the rich and powerful. We are merely peasants in a rich mans world. Fuck Em.

SEPARATED AT BIRTH????

PHILIP NEVILLE



QUASIMODO



GARY NEVILLE



SGT WILKO - What about that Prick Howard Wilkinson, he's the prick who sacked the very successful manager of England's under 21s, so he could have the job himself.

After England's youngest and finest got stuffed by Spain 4-0. Wilkinson the thick bastard said, there were four chances in the game, two each. Is this man a C**T? Or is he a C**T?

Death used to be nature's way of telling you to slow down. Not any more it ain't. Even in death that Cow Mrs Peschisolido has got her hands in your pocket

More referee trouble, Alan Shearer was fuming after the game to referee, and I say referee loosely David Elleray. Elleray was shitting himself so he told Shearer to see him in thirty minutes time when he had

calmed down. Shearer duly went along to the referees changing room half an hour later only to find the little prick had legged it.

It is important to state that everybody who wrote in to complain about the Cardiff fiasco, agreed on one thing. TF and the players couldn't have given us more, we're proud of all of them.

DAVID MELLOR Now I've criticised David Mellor many times in the past, quite justified too, but after reading his article in the Evening Standard March 2. I believe some praise is in order. This is what he said.

You don't have to be half-daft to be a copper these days, but it certainly seems to help, at least in Cardiff. The man in charge of policing the Millennium Stadium last Sunday, said the chaos stemmed from the number of people who came by car, rather than the train as he thought they might. I mean, what planet is this fellow from? Nobody in their right mind travels by train during the day on Sunday at the best of times given the amount of disruptive work carried out, but with the way the system is now! It beggars belief that people's entertainment can be messed up by such primitive thought processes. Like Julie Foulkes from Liverpool who e-mailed my Radio 5 Live programme on Wednesday night: Took six and a half-hours to get there from Liverpool. Missed Fowlers goal after paying £49 for a ticket. All the park and rides were full so the police told us to park anywhere we could....then proceeded to give parking tickets to all illegally parked cars! We were parked three miles from the ground and got there thanks to a taxi driver who took pity on us. The usual lot of travelling football fan....to be treated like trash. Which brings us to my excuse for

SEPARATED AT BIRTH????

GALEN



PETER REID



returning to this topic after it was fully ventilated by Mick Dennis in this newspaper. Why, I asked a Millennium Stadium steward on the show, isn't there this trouble when rugby Internationals are played before capacity houses? His answer was most revealing. Rugby fans are given different directions by the police from football fans. The rugby boys can use any of the four motorway exists leading into the city, and the police are happy for them to be in the city centre before the game. However, they didn't want football fans there, so they were directed to the exit furthest away from the city, and forced into inadequate parking a mile from the ground. The steward who comes from outside Cardiff, parked in the city centre with no problem, as lots of fans could have done if police and Cardiff city council had not treated them like second class citizens. So the challenge for the Football Association is clear. Are they prepared to accept this kind of raw deal from a city that wants to host football but not the fans.

And this isn't an academic point for London fans either, since with all the play-offs as well as the Cup finals going down there, we'll all be trudging down there before too much longer.

Time methinks for FA chief executive Adam Crozier to put on the open necked shirt, line up three half-empty beer glass, get the cameras rolling, the journalists ready and whirr into action.

Now for the next question: We know all that, Mrs Lincoln, but what did you think of the play?

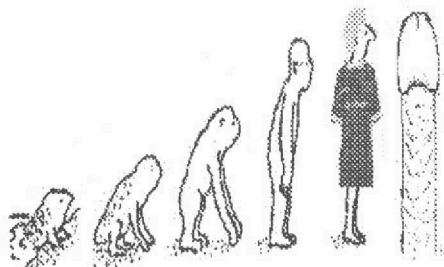
I thought the game was pretty good, an absorbing end to a mediocre competition, save for one thing. Birmingham City were robbed, but everyone's so used to refereeing oversights that it merited only a mention in paragraph 23 of most papers. coverage that David Elleray waved away the way he so often does a clear cut penalty appeal in extra time. Which, alas, brings me once again into sharp conflict with my elders and betters in the form of Mike Dennis. Surely it's better for the game and fairer to teams who have battled so hard to get there if a quick review of a video replay is used to determine whether in these circumstances contact has been made.

And it manifestly was here, making to my mind the price we have to pay for keeping technology out....rough justice that can't be allowed to continue. City dominated the later stages of the game and it's a crying shame they could be deprived of a well-earned victory in such a fashion.

Well, nice one David Mellor, a point though David, that prick Inspector Clueso from the Cardiff Keystone Kops, why didn't he enquire off British Rail how many trains were running from Liverpool and Birmingham, he'd have discovered just one from each city. And it's nice to know that just like myself you think Mick Dennis is a prick.

But most importantly David Mellor hit the nail on the head. The Welsh bastards didn't want us there. So, Fuck Em. I hope the foot and mouth sees off all their sheep and they have fuck all to shag.

Evolution of Beckham



THE REFEREE'S A WANKER. In the case of that shite David Elleray a truer word was never spoken. This was the shite who denied Blues a clear penalty. He's also the shite who gave Everton a penalty last season up at Everton when Nick Barmby took a dive. It's the same shite who robbed Chesterfield of a place in the Cup Final after ruling out a perfect goal. He is the shite who always rules in favour of the bigger club. He must be bad, even my old sparring partner Ken (Master) Bates stopped just short of calling him a wanker. Sadly there are many wankers in black just like that shite Elleray. Uriah Rennie was thrown out of the Premiership for not being up to the job, they dumped the prick on us in the Nationwide

And how bad must that Prick be who refereed the Leeds Man United game? for Sir Scotch Prick Ferguson to come out with, the referee Graham Barber should have sent his own goalkeeper Fabien Frog Barthez off.

The standard of refereeing in this country has hit an all time low, and there's only one answer for it. And that is the TV instant replay to be used as an aid in making important decisions, i.e., a penalty appeal, or offside, those are the two most controversial decisions a referee has to make, and most of the don't have the balls

to call them, many influenced by the home supporters.

Some people say it will slow the game down. Bollocks! Many a time the protests of wronged players takes much longer that it would to receive an accurate decision off the video replay.

It works very well in Cricket, and it also works in Rugby, so why not Football?

And yet another wanker in black, Dermot Gallagher refused appeals for a penalty after Leicester's Taggart fouled Liverpool's Heskey. Manager Peter Taylor agreed they were lucky to get away with it: Get the fucking video out.

ANOTHER WANKER. In the last issue of the Zulu I told readers of that Prick Mick Dennis who writes for that Landan paper the Evening Standard, and how he forecast riots and mob rule all over Cardiff, fighting everywhere, on the Motorways, on the car parks and in the streets of Cardiff.

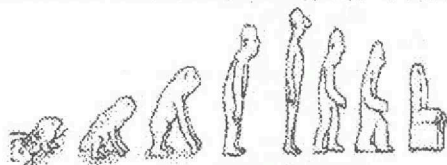
This is what that Prick Mick Dennis wrote after the game:

There were a number of football related arrests in Cardiff city centre on Saturday night. Birmingham fans arrived early for the Worthington Cup Final and clashed with local lads. Those of us who watch First Division football knows that the Brummie supporters do not have a reputation for pacifism. Similarly, anyone whose team have played in Cardiff knows that if you hear a Welshman singing: "We'll keep a welcome in the hillsides" it is a threat and not a promise. So nobody should be surprised that there was fighting in Cardiff at the weekend, least of all anyone who read this column three weeks ago. It is incredibly smug to say, I told you so, but I did predict yob trouble at the Millennium Stadium.

Well Prick, according to you it was going to go off big time, it didn't, yes there were a few punch ups, but I'd hazard a guess no more than any of you big Landan games that same weekend. Why don't you tell your readers the official number of police arrests you Prick? Maybe because they were far from the number you anticipated. Okay Prick, there were five Scousers nicked, ten Brummies and fifteen sheep shaggers. Now go and fuck yourself you Cockney Prick!

CHAOS After the complete fuck up by all those whose job it was to see that football fans arrived in Cardiff in time for the match, there are plenty who should have their balls cut off, the entire South Wales Police will do for a start, the Cardiff City Council should also be de-bollocked, but no blame can be attached at the Railways, okay they only ran one train from Birmingham, they offered to run many more but the Blues of all people told them they didn't want them. That means Super Bitch wanted to cash in on the coaches Strangely David Sullivan told me that we should have travelled by train, off with your balls David

EVOLUTION OF THE MANCHESTER UNITED FAN



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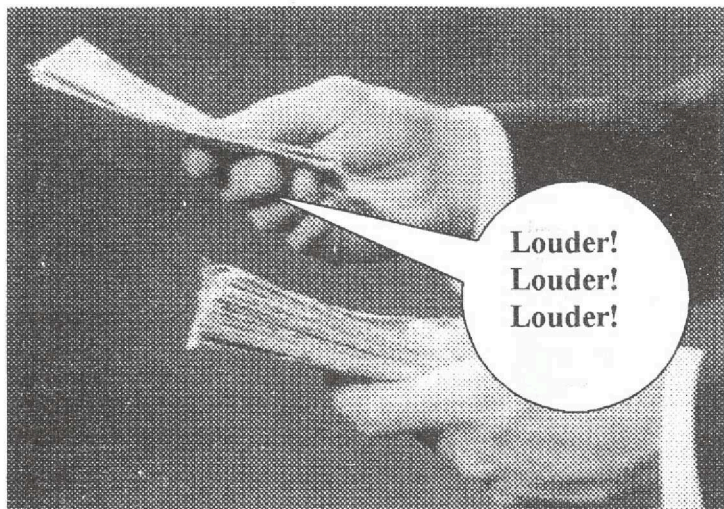
*You might be tired
and weary - but we'll
get you to the end of
the road*

**EUROPEAN TOURS
CANCELLED TILL
FURTHER NOTICE**

MONEY TALKS

Not renewing my season ticket for this season was to cost me financially as well as emotionally once Blues' place in the Worthington Cup final had been confirmed which was to be their first major final in 38 years. As I have been a season ticket holder for the majority of my 25 years following the Blues especially in

face value of £49. I was about to do business with the cockney spiv when I was made aware that Blues was selling corporate packages. An executive package was on offer for £500 + VAT, this gave you the chance of enjoying the company of the clubs Directors for two days in Cardiff in luxury surroundings. This did



**Louder!
Louder!
Louder!**

not appeal to me as I know fuck all about the Porn Industry to strike up a conversation with any of them.

The Silver package was on offer at £249 + VAT and was selling out fast. It took me less than five minutes to purchase 2 packages for our kid and me over the phone. It was so easy, the stress and anxiety had

the dark days of the 1980's and early 1990's there was no way that that I was not going to be in Cardiff cheering on my hero's. Working away down in London was to be a big obstacle in getting a ticket but I examined every avenue in getting one. I tried before the Norwich game in buying a season ticket, this avenue was closed after the club sold out of the allocation of season tickets that would have guaranteed me a cup final ticket. I would have felt a bit guilty as I would have been on par with other season Ticket holders who made the financial commitment at the beginning of the season. I soon tried a London Ticket agent, who wanted £220 for a seat behind the goal and £350 for a ticket that had a

disappeared and I was going to Cardiff and was given the chance to see how the other half lives. There was no queuing 12 hours, no paying over inflated prices to buy a programme to get a voucher for a ticket and there was no travelling up to Mersey Side to get a ticket to the oppositions end like I did against Tranmere 10 years ago which was a wasted journey but I did get to the Leyland Daf Final in the end.

By going corporate, this was going to be a culture shock for me as I knew I had to refrain from sticking my bare arse against the coach window and making rude gestures to the Liverpool coaches.

On the day I arrived at the Hilton Metropol at 7.20am in good time to queue for breakfast. There was a call put out on behalf of a local businessman who had eight tickets to give his guests but he had never met them before so he wanted to meet them in the foyer to give them their tickets. I was in the right place all right, this is where all the 'prawn sandwich brigade' are hanging out. The dining room resembled a soup kitchen, it took me 20 minutes to get it and less than 10 minutes to eat it as the coach was waiting for no one. The coach was delayed in leaving for Cardiff as the driver took a good 10 minutes to take off any thing of scrap value from the exterior of the coach, including the hub caps, as he did not trust the Scousers or even the Taffs for that matter.

The Club had sold over 1100 corporate packages, once I received details on mine I was told that the Hilton and the Cardiff International Arena had strict dress codes and that I should save wearing my colours for the stadium. What a Cheek, they encourage me to buy a shirt every season then they are too embarrassed for me to wear them on Cup Final day. Dressed in Blues shirt, scarves and jester hat I boarded the coach for the two and a half hour journey during which time me and our kid won the Trivia Quiz with ease, two questions being, what are the colours of Birmingham City? and who is their Manager? There was no singing on the coach, apart from mine, colours was so low key that I thought I was on a church outing not going to a football match. Every one on the coach was made to wear a green wristband so they would not get lost.

We arrived in Cardiff shortly after 11am, I wonder If the Blues Commercial department knew something that Gerry

Quigley of the Gunmakers didn't, as he along with several Thousand Blue Noses endured a five and half journey due to traffic jams which resulted in them in missing the first half of the match.

We made our way into the CIA where we was to eat our three course meal. all the Banqueting rooms within the arena was full of Blue Noses of all descriptions not a Scouser in sight, they was receiving their corporate hospitality down the road in McDonalds as it is only £1.99 for a happy meal. Our happy meal resembled a 'road kill', I showed my appreciation by licking the plate, and It was lovely. There was a full waitress service to encourage us to spend yet more money, this time on Booze. Whilst waiting for our meal we was entertained by Blue Noses who stood on chairs and got the room rocking and rolling to 'keep right on to the end of the road' and 'stand up if you love the Blues'. The true corporate types sat with there long faced and frowned upon on the antics of the true fans. Looking around the room there was four categories of fans, 1. The loyal fans that go to nearly every game but could not afford that lump sum to purchase a season ticket. 2. The Fan who might just do 2 games a season and felt entitled to be at a cup Final what ever it costs to be there. 3 The corporate guest of some company who are free loaders and typical scroungers and are more likely to complain even though the day cost them fuck all and they are not even Blues supporters. 4. The Corporate Fan who are on an ego trip, the type of pompous prat who likes to pay over the odds to say they have been there. This Final goes with the other events that they have priced the working man out of such as Ladies day at Royal Ascot, Cheltenham Gold Cup, Wimbledon, Henley Regatta, Six Nations Rugby, and top Golfing Tournaments.

As soon as I had finished my meal, me and our kid made our way out of the CIA in search of cheaper beer and a better atmosphere. We ended up in a nearby Hotel where both Blues and Reds mixed and shared good banter. It was nice to meet up with a couple of loyal Zulu readers as well. What surprised me most is what a strong brand name that Liverpool have become by attracting glory hunters as far away as Italy, Greece and Ireland just for the match.

Once it was 2pm we made our way to the stadium where the streets were just a sea of blue and white, it was like a carnival that would put Rio de Janeiro to shame with fans with their faces painted dancing and singing. I was fortunate to have a camera on me to record these moments that will be published in the Zulu. Once in the ground we went in search of a beer to find that a couple of bars were just selling Guinness other bars were closed because they had totally run out of beer. Yes the Blue Noses had drunk yet another Stadium Dry. We were in the Stadium in good time to witness the build up to the match even though the Kick off was delayed by 15 minutes. The Stadium brought you closer to the action and I feel that it is 10 times better than Wembley with its first class facilities. The stewards were very polite and they even called me 'Sir', that is a first. The atmosphere was electric and I savoured every moment as the Blues put on a Vintage performance that will live with me till my dying day. The true corporate types who sat around me sat there motionless as well as showing no emotion. It did concern me that they might not be alive so I asked the St. Johns Ambulance men nearby to check for a pulse.

Once our fate had been sealed we made our way back to the coach at the CIA knowing that time was tight as we was

warned that the coach would go with out us if we was not back by 6.30pm. giving us no time to have the post match buffet that we had already paid for. It was straight into the traffic as Cardiff become grid locked. Understandably everyone on the coach was subdued and most had spent the entire four and a half-hour journey back home asleep. It looked as if the day was a bit tough on the corporate guests. They should stick to fox hunting instead.

Breaking with True Blue Nose tradition there was no tip collected for the coach driver, instead he received three cheers and a resounding 'Oh he is a jolly good fellow'

The day was one that I will never forget and I will never begrudge the fact that I spent £300 to be there. Some people reading this article will take note of my piss taking of the corporate guest and say that I have double standards and will say that I along with the snobs encourage the club to charge over the top prices for corporate hospitality by meeting their ridiculous price demands. The difference between me and the corporate is that I will be supporting the Blues week in, week out if second division football ever returns to St. Andrews where the corporate will abandon watching football and head off to corrupt yet another sport.

I know that corporate hospitality in football is here to stay but I think the club should treat season ticket holders on the same level as the corporate by giving them the complete choice of seat tickets by not putting the dearest tickets to one side to try and make the packages value for money.

STEVE BRUNNOCK

DAVE THE FLOPST'S PAGE

"How did you get on at school today," dad asks his son.

"Okay," he replies. "We had a really hard spelling test, they were such long words."

"Really, such as?"

"Masturbation," says the boy.

"My goodness" exclaims dad, "that is a mouthful."

"No dad," corrects the boy, "A mouthful is a blow job, masturbation is done with the hand."

While his mother was in the kitchen cooking dinner, her young son was playing with his toy garage. For a while, all was quiet and then she heard him say, "Call yourself a fucking mechanic this fucking car has broken down again."

Then later she overheard him shout, "Hey, you! Get your fat arse over here and look at this engine."

"Johnny, Johnny," she said, coming into the room, "Enough of that dreadful language. I won't have you talk like that, now go to your room."

An hour passed and mum let Johnny come back down and continue playing. She smiled as she heard him say, "Bay number 5, sir? That'll be £10 please. Yes, you'll find the car wash around the back. Have a nice day. Oh, good morning madam, I'm afraid your car isn't ready yet. If you want to know why, go and ask that fucking cow in the kitchen."

A discontented woman (is there any other sort?) had taken her small son for a walk in the woods, but within moments of her looking away the boy had wandered off. She searched for him for over an hour and it was beginning to grow dark. As a last resort, she looked heavenwards and cried, "Oh God, please don't let anything happen to my son, please take me instead."

Moments later, she heard crying and there caught in some undergrowth, was her little son. "Oh thank you, thank you," she said happily, running up to him. Then suddenly she stopped and remarked, "But before you go, God, where the fuck is his scarf."

David Gold was in a great deal of trouble, he'd just lost a fortune on the stock market and it looked as if it was going to affect all his business interests. After a sleepless night, he got up early and went down to the Synagogue.

"Oh dear God, please let me win the lottery on Saturday."

But it was no good. The following week the situation worsened. His board passed a vote of no confidence and he was forced out of his own company. Again, he went to the synagogue.

"Oh please, dear God, let me win the lottery this week."

But still no luck. Penniless and out of work. He sat down in the synagogue and prayed frantically.

"Oh dear God, I've lost every thing, me a good Jew, one of the chosen race, please, oh please let me win the lottery. Why won't you let me win?"

Suddenly the synagogue trembled and lights flashed. Then a voice boomed out.

"David, David my boy, help me out here, buy a fucking ticket."

A wife is so distressed at her husband's excessive drinking that she decides to try and scare him into stopping. After pub closing time that night, she waits for him in the church graveyard, crouched down behind one of the tombstones. Sure enough, he takes the short cut home, and as he staggers past her, she jumps up in full devil's costume and shouts. "Beware, beware, Peter Harper, carry on drinking as you are, and you'll soon be joining me down below."

"What" he exclaimed, somewhat befuddled, "who the fuck are you?"

"I am the devil himself," she boomed.

Piss head Peter began to smile and held out his hand to greet him; "Well I never" he says, "you'll know me then, I'm married to your sister."

A devout churchgoer and her 16-year-old daughter attended church every Sunday without fail. On this particular Sunday, the vicar was waiting to greet his parishioners as they left church and happened to notice a slight bulge on the daughter's stomach.

"Good morning" Mrs McGill, he said smiling, "it looks as if your daughter is putting on a little weight."

The woman blushed with discomfort, "Oh, nothing to worry about," she replied, "just a little wind."

A few months later, the vicar noticed the girl had got even larger, "Are you sure everything's all right" he asked.

"Of course, vicar," replied the woman, "just a little wind."

The next time the vicar saw the two women they were walking down the High Street, pushing a pram. He stopped to say hello, and bending down to look in the pram, remarked. "So, that's the little fart, is it?"



**THE BIRMINGHAM CITY FC FEMALES ONLY CAR
PARK STARTS TO TAKE SHAPE**

MAGGIES PAGE

Three blokes are discussing the control they have over their wives.

The first bloke says: "I have immense control over my wife. Every night I come home from work to find my dinner waiting for me on the table."

The second bloke says: "I have total control over my wife. Every night I come home from work to find a hot bath ready and waiting."

The third bloke says: "The other night, lads, my wife came to me on her hands and knees."

The other two are really impressed with this and ask: "What did she say?"

"She said. Get from under that bed and fight like a man!"

A woman goes into a shop to buy a wedding dress for her fourth wedding. She chooses traditional white, which surprises the sales assistant.

"Oh but I'm still a virgin," the woman replies.

"How can that be," says the sales assistant "if this is your fourth wedding."

"My first husband was a psychologist, he just wanted to talk about it.

My second husband was a gynaecologist, he just wanted to look at it.

My third husband was a stamp collector. God I loved him."

A bloke goes to see his doctor for a check up. During the examination the doctor notices the blokes got a yellow dick. The doctor asks him a few questions.

"Do you work with chemicals young man?"

"No, replies the bloke, I'm on the rock n roll (unemployed)"

"Well do you smoke?" asks the doctor.

"No, I don't smoke," says the bloke.

By now the doctor is a bit perplexed.

"But how did you get a yellow dick then?"

"Fuck knows," replies the bloke. "I just sit at home all day, watching porno videos and eating cheesy puffs."

A bloke is driving up a steep narrow mountain road.

A woman is driving down the same road.

As the pass each other, the woman leans out of the window and yells: "PIG!!"

The bloke immediately leans out of his window and replies: "COW"

They continue on their way, as the bloke rounds the next corner he crashes into a pig in the middle of the road.

A bloke walks into a pub and asks the barman for six double whiskies. The barman looks shocked; "six double whiskies, that's an awful lot for someone on his own."

"But I've just had my first blow job," replies the man.

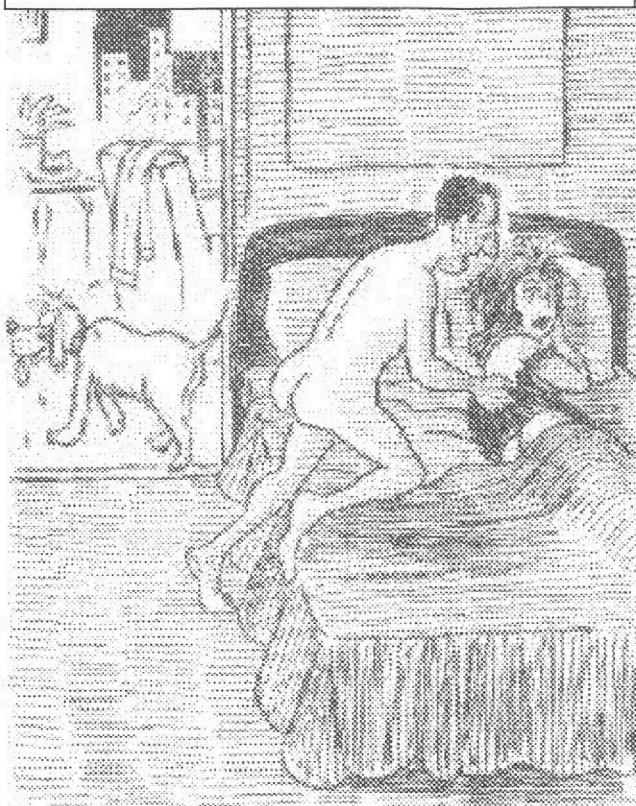
"In that case have another on the house" states the barman.

"Well says the bloke if six doesn't take the taste away, I don't think seven will!"

A bloke walks into a bar, and says to the barman; "I'd like an orange juice please."
The barman says; "still."
The bloke says: "Well I haven't changed my fucking mind."

An intelligent woman, an intelligent bloke and the tooth fairy were walking down the road and noticed a £5 note on the pavement. Which one picked the £5 note up? The intelligent woman of course. The other two don't exist.

AT HOME WITH DAVE THE FLORIST



"What do you mean,
'again' - I'm just
coming to bed now."

A couple are having a blazing row, and things are starting to get personal,

"I don't know why you wear a bra," says the bloke, "you haven't got anything to put in there."

The woman stares in disbelief, "well you wear pants, don't you?"

A bloke stagger home at 3 am after a pub-crawl. On finding his wife awake and naked in bed he decides to show some interest. He gently kisses her on the forehead, but no response.

He then kisses her lips, still no response.

Moving downwards he caresses her neck and his lips expertly across each tit, before continuing slowly downward with his tongue, until he finds a haven exploring her navel.

No reaction whatsoever, his next move is to bend right down and kiss inside her right thigh just above her knee, by passing

completely her Auntie Annie. At that moment his wife sits bolt upright and screams, "If that had been the Black Horse you wouldn't have missed it."

CARDIFF - THE UPS AND DOWNS.....

IT WAS TOPS	IT WAS CRAP
Super Blues - they did everyone proud, what more can you say.....keep right on - we love you ! ! ! !	That Penalty decision - ok I know that they had chances as well, but IT WAS A PENALTY ! ! !
Staying in Bristol Saturday night.....a good night out, no hassle, good beer and cracking breakfast	Driving down on the day.....10 minutes delay and still not getting in the ground till half time - not funny
The impromptu game of headers while waiting for the boozers to open, that turned into who can try and 'accidently' bollock the ball up the window	Cardiff - small isn't it, and not much to do at 10am Sunday morning - even had to pay to get in the bloody castle
The barmaid in "Kiwis" - absolutely gorgeous, and such lovely assets	The ugly Liverpool fan in "Kiwis" - think a skinny Quasimodo with a mullet haircut
£250 bets with Liverpool fans in the hotel bar at 3am, 4-0 Blues in the bag	Not collecting on the winning bet (then again neither did they - beat us 6-0 my arse)
All the flags - from both sets of fans, we want more of the same from Blues fans, not just for the big games	Some dirty little git sitting behind us throwing up all over our flag and not saying anything - 'can you just wash this flag love, spilled ice cream on it'
Liverpool fans - they were alright I suppose.....most of them	Cardiff Boys - inbred.
Andrew Johnson - best performance to date in a Blues shirt	The tears
Robbie Fowler taking time to go round every Blues player at the final whistle	The newspapers spectacularly not bothering to report the game
Hotel bars - very civilised - get a beer any time of the day, night, morning	Picking up the Hotel bar tab in the morning - HOW MUCH ! ! !

KINGS NORTON TRAVEL CLUB (Quick cancel that Chartered Plane to Russia, UEFA have done us like a kipper)

A DAY TRIP TO CARDIFF

What a stupendous, brilliant display of heart, courage and passion by TF and the lads. Thanks boys you did us proud. The prima donnas of the Premiership knew they had been in a game. No thanks to David the bottler Elleray who didn't have the bollocks to award us a second penalty when GBH was committed on AJ. (not our fault that the prat missed the handball by magic in the first half? And no thanks to the stadium management who ordered all the stewards behind the Liverpool goal for the shoot out, and giving the hub cap pinchers an advantage, fuck it, we should have won.

The stadium was superb. Wonderful view. Tremendous acoustics (although the Scousers did use them) plenty of legroom and enough height to see over the 6' 2" giant in front of me. Not bad value for £49 even though the same seat for a Rugby International costs £35. However, lets pick the whole thing up and transport it wholesale and drop it by the NEC. Why? Because the sheep shagging Welsh are unable to cope with an influx of 70,000 fans at once.

And don't tell me as one copper did, they are okay with Rugby Internationals. They forget that two thirds of the gate are already there. Fuck it, one road in, and one road out, ain't good enough

The 10-minute delay in kick off was not for the fans, it was because Johnny Foreigner Mr Eriksson was stuck in traffic.

Shame the game was on Sky, then perhaps the kick off could have been put back to 4pm to allow the true fan (not the corporate ponce) who were still on the motorway at 3.30, a chance to get value for his £49, plus a £1 admin charge.

There again, sheep-shagging Murdoch calls the tune, and everyone else has to dance. The true fan means fuck all to anyone except the tea.

Ironic, isn't it that a major cup final sponsored by a major beer producer and they couldn't organise a piss up in a brewery.

I hope that we get automatic promotion, because I really, really, really do not fancy going through all that again.

The biggest day in the clubs history, spoilt because Cardiff discovered, too late, that they couldn't cope.

Wembley seems like a good place

Keep Right On

Gordon Middleton

Well Gordon, before the Watford game I attended the AGM at St. Andrews, I listened to a load of boring bollocks about last years minutes, then listened to the board getting a pat on the back then re-electing themselves. But not one of them mentioned the fuck up in Cardiff. Why? Because the most important people in the clubs eyes were not involved with delays, fuck ups, and a lack of catering and programmes, The corporate fucking guests. Like I keep repeating, we are just a means of supplying money to the club, they don't give a fuck about us.

Dave

THE GRORTY DICK GETS THE ARSE

Reading a recent copy of the West Brom fanzine Grorty Dick I came across a page that gave mention to 'The Zulu' in rather uncomplimentary terms. According to the writer 'The Zulu' is aggressive, racist, sexist and a whole lot of other things and belongs to a past era of the game.

'The Zulu' is NOT racist; the fact that we happen to say what we think about the way a lot of foreigners have come over here and taken the money and ran does not make us racist. That's called telling the truth and if you actually think about it more people than 'The Zulu' have passed comment about such things, including most of the national media. Just cast an eye over to Villa Park and the doubts that are currently surfacing about their last import Juan Pablo Angel. He's starting to look more like another player who has arrived on these shores for massive money [most of it probably going into the Agents pocket] and getting a massive salary and in the opinions of better judges than us, they are now wondering if he can actually play the game! Tell us that Ginola is worth his pay packet at the moment? The game is full of them and sadly most of them are from the Carlo Can'tkickaball School. All that 'The Zulu' has ever said is that these sort of players are nothing more than cheats, they are stealing the money out of the pockets of the fans, what do people want us to do, applaud them? How many times have West Brom been ripped off by these greedy over paid and over here foreigners? Okay, maybe the language used has been more colourful, but it's the same sort of language that gets used in the pubs that surround every football ground in the land, even the West Brom ground.

'The Zulu' is not sexist; it has a laugh at the expense of both genders and if there is anything wrong with that then half the comedians in this country should be banned for life. Mind you, in the case of some of them that might not be a bad thing!

How anyone that supports West Brom can call 'The Zulu' aggressive is beyond me. Baggies are still viewed as a bit of a dodgy bunch you know. I know fans that support other clubs who give 'The Hawthorns' a wide birth. The stewards there are well known for their acts of violence on visiting fans and if it's aggressive to tell the rest of football about them, then so be it.

The other thing about the Grorty Dick reader is that he reckons that 'The Zulu' is full of unfunny jokes. Strange really because in the issue of GD that I read they have the same jokes in that we had. The only difference between their jokes and ours is that we take a poke at Yam-Yams whilst they have a pop at Wolves. What's the difference then? They'll be telling us next that they've never had a go at Steve Bull!

There's no point in slagging off another fanzine when your own is not exactly a fine work of literary art. The content of GD is the feelings of those who edit it and who contribute articles to it. The content of this fanzine is exactly the same. Why any fanzine hides what they term as swear words behind a few asterisks is beyond me. Shit is still shit whether it's spelt shit or s***.

There is not one fanzine in the country that doesn't have a go at things that are ruining our game. Manchester United rant on at great lengths about how their fans are treated inside Old Trafford. Liverpool fans still demand justice for those who died. Spurs will be almost wetting themselves at the demise of George Graham and no doubt Leeds fans will be as well. Fanzines are for the fans, if someone wants to call a spade a spade then fair enough

in our book, we print it how they say it. If someone sends in a few words without the odd four letter word, then fair enough that's how we print it.

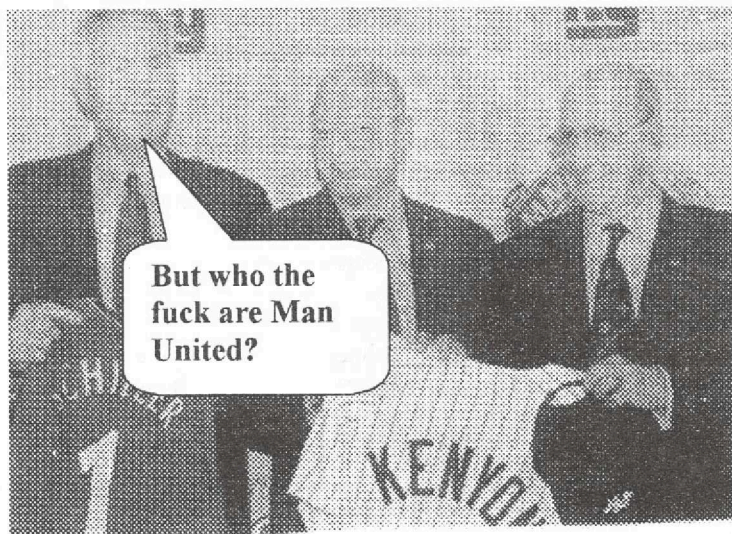
WBA have had more than a few bad seasons and I doubt if GD was singing the praises of the club through all that time and I would put Dave Smalls pension on it that they slagged off more than a few members of the Baggies Board, team and managers. They have also have a go at other clubs other fans and more than a few others involved in the game as well. It doesn't matter how they said it they still said it.

The situation at 'The Blues' is simple. The club is on the verge of big things but that doesn't give the club the right to rip the fans off, even the GD moaned about the fact that their coaches had to pay a £25 parking fee. It's things like that that we've been fighting against, we don't want Karren Brady, David Sullivan and David Gold ripping off any fans, visiting fans or Blues. What's the GD done about the way fans get treated at West Brom, visiting fans that is? Yeah, nothing! We've at least made the effort, albeit when dealing with the owners of Birmingham City it will always be a token effort.

Of course 'The Zulu' has got its hate list, like Ken Bates for example. But there is hardly a true football fan in the land that has any time for that man, including Chelsea fans! 'The Zulu' is against people like Bates and his ilk and we'll continue to use the sort of language that Bates himself would probably use behind closed doors. He wasn't exactly complimentary about Kate Hoey you know.

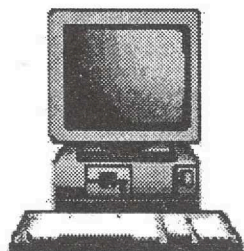
Anyone, there's little point in carrying on this argument with Grorty Dick and with a bit of luck next season we won't be playing them, unless they mange to come up with us. This fanzine will continue to call it, as it is, we won't hide behind fine and fancy words and asterisks. If it has to be said, then we'll carry on saying and in the way we've always said it. But just to end let me say that I find the GD a decent read, but they should be aware that having a go at another fanzine the way they had a go at us is nothing more than simply a case of the pot calling the kettle black, and they should remember the little saying about people in glass house. Now they can sod off.

THE INTRUDER



FOOTBALL VIRUSES

As part of the public service to Arsenal fans provided by Up the Arse!, we warn readers to watch out for the following, soon to be launched computer viruses



The Manchester United virus:

Your PC develops a disorder whereby the memory forgets everything before 1993.

The Man United shirt virus:

This one is especially hard to detect as it changes its format every 3 months.

The David Beckham virus:

The lights on your PC are all on but nothing works.

The Roy Keane virus:

Throws you out of Windows.

The Alex Ferguson virus:

Your PC develops a continuous whining noise and the on-screen clock runs a lot faster than all the other computers in the building.

The Andy Cole virus:

Your PC is unable to get anything into the inbox

The Ryan Giggs virus:

Makes your computer think it's better than it actually is. It also experiences dramatic fluctuation in performance.

The Mark Bosnich virus:

You just can't save anything.

The David Ginola virus:

Computer pretends to go down, but then boots back up and is OK.

The Stan Collymore virus:

This one is very hard to track down and is constantly on the move - has been known to boot up some Swedish models.

The Glenn Hoddle virus:

Disables your PC, blames it all on its previous life as a calculator.

The Bradford City virus:

Makes you think it will go down but presses escape at the last minute.

The Sheffield Wednesday virus:

Crashes out of all programmes.

The Ian Walker virus:

Your PC will act as though it will save something, but let you down at the last minute.

The Tony Adams/Rio Ferdinand virus:

All drive privileges lost.

The Gordon Strachan virus:

This one affects the spellchecker function on Word Processing software, highlighting thousands of errors that aren't actually there.

Regular away match followers will have heard the lads singing, "Blues are on the piss again, one banana, two banana's, three banana's, four!"

Now we have the latest badge in dedication to the most loyal of Bluenoses.

The badge is about three-quarters of an inch in diameter and fastened by means of a butterfly clip. The outer circle is in royal blue with gold lettering, the inner circle is white and the banana's of course, are yellow.

And the price is a mere £2. Just send a cheque or postal order for that amount payable to D R SMALL and to the normal address, which is

THE ZULU
PO BOX 5454
REDDITCH
B98 8QN



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DISCLAIMER

The views expressed in this fanzine are not necessarily those of the editorial team and most certainly not the views of Birmingham City FC. But like all Bluenoses we all have the right to our opinions, we firmly believe that when it is justified, criticism is healthy, so is the heap you praise when earned. We don't take ourselves too seriously, and you shouldn't either. You have the right to reply, and your reply will be printed in full. We don't exercise much editorial control, but please keep the abuse within the bounds of tastefulness (unless it's about the Vile) please avoid any RACIST or sexist stuff. On the other hand sexist stuff will be most welcome.

JUST IN CASE YOU FANCY ANOTHER TRIP TO SELHURST PARK ON APRIL 7TH

How to get there by road from all points

From The North

From Motorway M1 or A1, use A406 North Circular Road and Chiswick. Follow signs South Circular Road A205 to Wandsworth. Then use A3 to A214 and follow signs to Streatham. Join A23. In 1 mile turn left B273. At end turn left into High Street then forward into Whitehorse Lane for Wimbledon FC.

From The South

Use A23 (signposted London) then follow signs Crystal Palace B266 via Thornton Heath into Whitehorse Lane.

From The West

Use Motorway M4 to Chiswick then route from North or A232 (signposted Croydon) to Beddington, then follow signs London A23. After, follow signs Crystal Palace B266 via Thornton Heath into Whitehorse Lane.

From The East

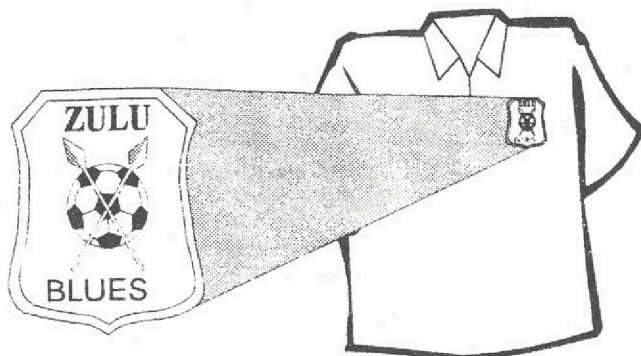
Use A232 (signposted Croydon) to Shirley then join A215 (signposted Norwood). In 2.2 miles turn left B266 into Whitehorse Lane.

Parking in the streets is a lot easier when the Dons are playing but be warned because getting to and from the ground is just as hard as ever.

If you want to travel by train check the times from New Street and try and get a ticket to either Norwood Junction or Thornton Heath. The ground is about fifteen minutes walk from either. Don't go to Crystal Palace station, it's not even close

When Wimbledon are at home the pubs are willing to let you in and it is often easier to get a ticket because they could sell them at the ticket off at the top of the hill near the entrances to the away gates when we played Palace.

POLO & SWEAT SHIRTS



Polo shirts and Sweat shirts for sale, they are Royal Blue with a logo printed on as shown above.

These are not made by exploited child labour, working for a bowl of rice and a kick up the arse. They are British made, best quality fruit of the loom. Referred to in the trade as "Good Shit Man" They are available in all sizes,

Small - Medium - Large - You've ate all the pies X Large - And you fat bastard XX Large..

- NOW AVAILABLE IN CHILDRENS SIZES -

Sizes Small 34" Medium 38" Large 40"
X Large 44" XX Large 52"

Child Sizes Age 3'4 26" Age 5'6 28" Age 7'8 30"
Age 9'11 32" Age 12'13 34"

Prices are inclusive of P & P. Polo Shirts £11.99 Sweat Shirts £13.99

Childrens Prices Polo Shirts £9.99 Sweat Shirts £11.99

Cheques made payable to D. Small. Please send to: The Zulu PO Box 5454
Redditch B98 8QN

**ZULU ARMY AND TIRED AND WEARY BADGES
NOW AVAILABLE FOR £1 FROM THE USUAL SOURCES**



WHERE TO GET A GREAT PINT & PURCHASE THE ZULU



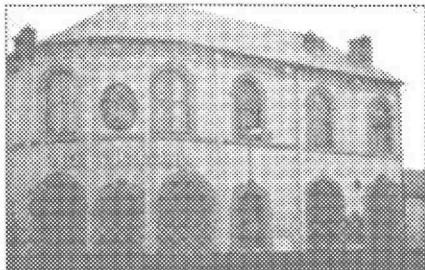
THE WAGON & HORSES

Adderley Road



THE DROVERS

Garrison Road



THE VICTORIA

Bordsley Green Lane



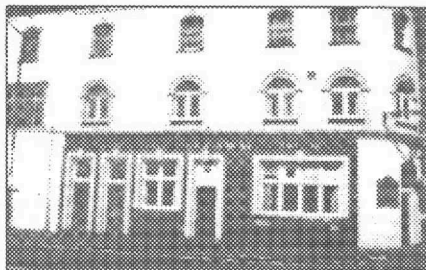
Mc VEIGHS

Stratford Road, Camp Hill



THE BILL & BULL

Coventry Road



THE GREENWAY

Coventry Road



THE CLEMENTS

Coventry Road



THE BLACK HORSE

Green Lane